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# AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

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# The Bloomfield Cimes.

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#### WIFE, CHILDREN AND FRIENDS.

When the black-lettered list to the gods was presented

(The best of what fate for each mortal intends) At the long string of tils a kind goddess relented,

And slipped in three blessings-wife, children and friends.

In vain surly Pluto maintained he was cheated For justice devine could not compass its ends; The scheme of man's penance he swore was defeated.

For earth becomes heaven with-wife, children and friends.

If the stock of our bliss is in stranger hands vested.

The fund ill secured oft in bankruptev ends, But the heart issues bills which are never pro tested.

When drawn on the firm of-wife, children and friends.

Though valor still glows in life's dying embera

The death-wounded tar, who his colors defends Drops a tear of regret as he dying remembers, How blest was his home with-wife, children and friends.

The soldier whose deeds live immortal in story, Whom duty to far distant latitudes sends

With transport would barter whole ages of glory,

For one happy day with-wife, children and friends.

Though spice breathing gales on his caravan hover.

Though for him Arabia's fragrance ascends, The merchant still thinks of the woodblues that cover,

The bower where he sat with-wife, children and friends.

The dayspring of youth still unclouded by sorrow,

Alone on itself for enjoyment depends ; But drear is the twilight of age if it borrow No warmth from the smile of-wife, children and friends.

Let the breath of renown ever freshen and

nourish . The laurel which o'er the dead favorite bends me wave the willows, and long may l flourish,

Bedewed with the tears of-wife, children, and friends.

Let us drink, for my song, growing graver and graver,

To subjects too solemn insensibly tends; Let us drink, pledge me high, love and virtue shall flavor,

The glass which I fill to-wife, children a no

friends.

By the Hon. Wm. Robert Spencer, England, bor, 1779—died bas. See Chamber's Encyclopedia Eng. Li

A High old Fog.

Some seven years ago there was an engineer on the Chicago, Alton and St. Louis Railroad who was called by all the railroad men "General Taylor." Fogs are an everyday affair in that part of the country which the road passes through, especially between Chicago and Bloomington. Early one morning, in the month of April, the general left Bloomington with the express. Before be reached Pontiac a very thick fog had risen, so thick that he could not see the length of the engine. The general told the conductor, while taking wood at P-, that if there were any cattle killed that morning it would not be his fault.

' How so?" said the conductor.

"Why," said the general, "because I must get an auger to bore through the fog to see the pilot, which is the only way to prevent it; for I looked out, and when I drew my head back there was a round hole left where I put out my head !"

Hello ! Got a new carpet down, haven't you?" was what a visitor to a newspaper office said upon entering the

composing room the other day. "Jerusalem-git off my corns!" was what the foreman said when the visitor stepped upon what he took to be a new carpet, but which proved to be only a new pair of slippers on the feet of the boss pimaker of the establishment.

## JOSIE'S WEDDING GIFT.

ND so I am to understand that you A positively refuse to give up that young fortune-hunter, Duke Marly?" "I do positively refuse."

"Even after the business failure which has reduced him to beggary, you still wish to fulfill your engagement?"

"Most certainly."

"Then hear me"-and Capt. Wycherly dashed his stout oaken cane upon the floor with an emphasis that made the glasses and decanters jingle-"and mark what I say: If you persist in such obstinate disobedience to my wishes, by the Lord Harry, I'll disinherit you. The day that you become his wife will find you homeless and penniless. And you may both sweep the crossings for a living, for all I care, for I'll never help you to a penny."

Josie's cheeks burned scarlet.

" And I say," she retorted, her blue eyes all aflame with honest indignation, "that no consideration of broad acres, or bank stock, or even the commands of a father" -here she choked down a rising sob-"can tempt Josie Wycherly to break her word.'

"Think," said the father, "of the homes where grim want sits day after day beside the hearthstone, where children with pinched features and hollow eyes beg vainly tor the food which is denied them ; and yet you deliberately choose such a fate as

Josie's heart quailed a little, for, like all refined women, she loved the ease and luxury which wealth could purchase, and which she, all her life, had enjoyed. But she loved Duke and her own honor more.

"We plighted our troth with your full consent and approval," she argued. "If he has been unfortunate, it is plainly my duty to cling to and comfort him. I have given my sacred promise, and I shall keep

And her father, recognizing the Wycherly obstinacy, knew that further remonstrance was useless. But being by nature despotic, and expecting to receive, at home, the same implicit obedience he exacted on shipboard, he raved, and swore, and scolded so continually at being balked in his plans, that poor Josie was glad to yield to her lover's entreaties, to become his wife, to escape persecution at home.

So one morning they quietly walked to the nearest church, and in the presence of a few friends, to whom they had confided the circumstances, Josie Wycherly was, by a few brief sentences, transformed into Mrs. Duke Marly. Scarcely were the concluding sentences pronounced, when a sound was heard that caused the heart of the bride to stand still with terror .-Thump, thump, thump! There was a loud altercation outside-a moment after the door was flung violently open, and in walked Capt. Wycherly, his stout oaken cane coming down emphatically at every step, his eyes blazing with wrath.

"So you have been hatching your cursed mutiny under my very roof, and have outwitted the old man at last !" he thundered, confronting the trembling bride, who stood surrounded by her horror-stricken friends. "Hope you'll find smooth sailing with your pretty craft, young man, for, by the heathen gods, you'll never see the color of old Mark Wycherly's money. I'll disinherit the ungrateful baggage this very day !"

And he meant to be as good as his word, for he walked straight from the church to the law office of Hunt & Ketchum, and astonished the senior of that firm by requesting them to draw up a new will, leaving all his effects, real and personal, to the Seamen's Charitable Fund, and striking out the name of his daughter Josephine from that important document altogether.

"But, my dear sir, it is impossible to execute the provisions of such a document," replied the bland and smiling Mr. Hunt. "Such a will would be illegal, and, consequently, worthless."

"Confound it !" said the irate old seadog; "do you mean to tell me that a man cannot sail his own craft in any waters he chooses?"

And, after several stormy interruptions, the lawyer at last made it clear to his wrathful client that, in order to be logal, the will must contain the name of Miss Josephine as legatee, be the sum ever so

"Very well, since it must be so," replied Capt. Wycherly; and he bent his shaggy head to listen to the reading of the document that conveyed railroad shares, bank stock, and farming lands, amounting in all to half a million of dollars, to the aforesaid

charitable fund, and left to his daughter, to confess by these attentions from a dollars, to buy a stool of repentance, whereon she could sit and reflect upon the ingratitude of her conduct to an indulgent father."

"And you may add," said the old man, with a grim smile, "the Wycherly homestead to her portion, also."

"The Wycherly homestead?" repeated Mr. Hunt. "I cannot say that I ever heard of it before."

"Ha, ha!" roared Capt. Wycherly, who relished his joke now and then. "I dare say you never did-ha, ha! Ten acres in all, and the most barren, unproductive soil conceivable-covered with rocks and watered by the blackest, dirtiest stream that ever ran, with a few gnarled and mossgrown apple trees, shading a log but in their midst-such is the birthplace of all the dead and gone Wycherlys for generations past-a magnificent place-ha, ha!-Or, stay; instead of putting it in the will, suppose you make out a deed of the place, and present it to Mrs. Josephine Marly as a wedding gift from her affectionate father, on condition that she and her husband spend the honeymoon there. I've heard that my gentleman was something of an amateur artist, and he cannot fail to admire the scenery."

And with this parting joke the Captain went his way.

So that evening Mrs. Josie Marly, sitting by her husband's side, in their boardinghouse apartments, was surprised with a packet of paper from the office of Hunt & Ketchum, setting forth the above conditions, and endorsing the deed to the Wycherly homestead.

"We will go; won't we, Duke?" whispered Josie, and her red lips quivering, and a tear or two glittering on the silken brown lashes that shaded her sweet, blue eyes .-"I think we'd better go, dear; not for the land, which, it appears, is worthless enough, but it is papa's request, and, perhaps-it's the last-ke ever will make ! and here she broke down in a tempest of sobs and tears.

For although she had wilfully disobeyed him, yet, next to her husband, Josie loved the stern, tyrannical old man whom she called father.

Captain Wycherly was ill. Servants went to and fro through the elegant rooms, trying in vain to satisfy the capricious whims of the childish old man, who, now that his fit of passion was over, longed daily and hourly for the presence of his child-his darling Josie. But his stubborn pride was not yet humbled enough to allow him to seek her, and so the weary days went by, and he heard no tidings of his daughter, whose face he had not seen since the morning of her wedding day.

At last, when golden dandelions and delicate anemones began to write their sweet promises of spring all over field and wood, and infused a warmer tint into the the golden sunshine, Captain Wycherly could sit at his chamber window and look out upon familiar scenes.

"What house is that?" he asked of John, the servant, pointing to an elegant brown stone mansion, of palatial dimensions, which occupied the place formerly dedicated to a row of tenements.

"That, sir," said garrulous John, "Why that's the new house built by a foreign gentleman, who took a fancy to the place, sir-and paid a good round sum for it, too. Why, they say there's no end to his money; and he has a title besides-lord or duke ; something, sir, whatever it may be. Perhaps you've seen 'em, sir ?"

And John, who regarded his master as a sort of traveled paragon, to whom nothing foreign would be at all unfamiliar, from a royal duke to a Bengal tiger, looked up for a reply.

"Yes, John, I've seen 'em; and I can't say they look much different from other people, except a trifle uglier, perhaps."

"Oh, sir, not any better than other people ! and she-the 'dukess' I mean-sending you all that nice wine when you were ill! Yes, and the bouquets, and-

"Stop John-what do you mean ?" "Why, sir, when they first came lady heard that you were ill, and she sent over a bottle of rare wine, with her compliments; and every day since then she has sent a servant to make inquiries about you, sir; and always a bouquet of choice flowers for your sick-room-not that you ever noticed 'em, sir, more than if they had been chips, sir," said John, with some disgust; "and so I told the man who brought them, but they came every day

just the same." "And why," said his gruff master, touched more than he would have chosen

"Mrs. Josephine Marly, the sum of two stranger, "why should this fereign lady do all this for a rough old man like me?"

"Perhaps this will tell you, sir;" and John drew from his pocket a dainty little note. "It came this morning."

Captain Wycherly opened it and read :

"DEAR SIR—I hear that you are a lonely old man, without kith or kin to cheer your solitude. Though in all this wide world there is no one to call me daughter, yet I remember when I enjoyed the fond protection of one who was the dearest and tection of one who was the dearest and most indulgent of fathers. I have only done for you what I would wish another to do for him, if he was sick and lonely like yourself. I hope that you will allew me to call some time, to cheer and amuse you. "Your Neighbor."

"God bless her !" said the old man, with tears in his stern eyes; the rugged lines of his face softening as he read. "God bless her for her kindness to a lonely old man. John-"

But John had disappeared. A moment after he opened the door, and called out in a stage whisper, "Lord love you, master, she's coming! In a silk fit for an empress, and with the jewels shining in her bair. Oh, master-"

But this rhapsody was cut short by the entrance of the lady herself, who with her silken robes trailing on the floor, crossed the room, and stood by the captain's chair.

"Madame," he began, but stopped in confusion. Was it a dream or was it Josie who stood beside him, her arms around his neck, her cheek pressed to his, and, amid sobs and broken exclamations, told him again and again her joy at this meeting. It was too much. The captain's resentment melted away, dissolved in the tears which fell upon the face of his darling, as he pressed her in a close em-

"But what does this mean?" he said at last, when he had made her sit opposite, where he could gladden his eyes with the sight of her fresh sweet face.

"Where did these come from, Josie?" and he touched the glittering jewels that shone amid her sunny braids."

"Why, don't you know, father? Is it possible you have not heard? When you gave your Josie the Wycherly homestead, you gave the richest of your possessions, though you, nor none of us, knew it then. Yes," she continued, not noticing her father's questioning look, "the black and sluggish stream that watered the Wycherly farm developed a source of wealth richer than all the placers of California. Our petroleum wells have enriched us beyond our wildest dreams; and to-day Duke and I count our wealth by hundreds of thousands. But we do not forget," she added, with a mischievous smile, "that we owe it all to you, dear father."

Perhaps no protestations, couched in the most eloquent terms, would have shown the change in Captain Wycherly as did the simple sentence he uttered in reply.

"I confess myself beaten," he said : "and I thank God for it. -Henceforth one roof shall shelter us, and we will never be parted again until the old man launches his craft for the last great voyage."

And they never were.

### The President's Salary.

THE President's house, gardens, conservatories and stables are all furnished and kept in perfect order, in all their details, at the public expense; stewards doorkeepers, and a band of music for all public receptions are furnished without a dollar's expense to the President. All the furniture, carpets, beds, tables, to the mirutest thing which convenience or luxury can desire are furnished by the Government. The whole establishment is also warmed and lighted throughout; all this at an expense to the public Treasury of \$60,000 or \$70,000.

But you may ask me 'What, then, does the President pay out of his salary?"

He pays his cooks, the waiters upon his table, the driver of his carriage, and the servants who wait upon his family and his guests; he pays for what is eaten and drunk at his table. By custom, it is ex-State dieners; and in the course of the year to entertain each member of Congress, the Judges of the courts, the foreign Ministers, his Cabinet, and occasionaly dis- ance with its provisions. The boliday tinguished strangers-in all, probablyfive pantomimes and spectacles at the theatres hundred persons. If such dinners should employ hundreds of children, and the pay cost \$10 for each person, \$5,000 would is six shillings a week. As the fine for the cover that expense. Of the \$20,000 re- parents who do not send their children to maining \$10,000 ought to pay his other school is usually a shilling, they paid it family expenses. That would leave him \$10,000 per annum clear.

Now, what does experience show? Let law. Higher penalties are proposed.

me state some instances: Mr. Polk, of Tennessee (and while Mrs. Polk, that accomplished lady, was in the White House it was never more popular,) saved about \$40,000 of four year's salaries-about \$10,-000 a year.

Mr. Pierce dld the same. Mr. Buchanau did nearly the same. Mr. Lincoln, when elected President, was worth about \$60,000; and his estate, upon his death, was about \$75,000. It must be borne in mind, too, that Mr. Lincoln received his salary in greenbacks, when they were the highest.

Mr. Johnson saved from his salary, in three years and a half, \$20,000 or \$30,000; and that, too, when greenbacks were still at a discount of twenty-five per cent. And, it must not be forgotten, none of these Presidents ever accepted presents. Mr. Johnson refused the present of a carriage. Whatever may be said in criticism of Mr. Johnson's public course, all parties agreethat the White House was never more gracefully kept and presided over than by his daughter, Mrs. Patterson-a perfect lady and a model of a Republican mistress of the White House. Let me tell you a fact which has never been published, but which I had from the lady's own lips. Just as she was about to leave, at the end of Mr. Johnson's Administration, the steward of the house took an inventory, and found that not one article of furniture was missing or broken; not a sheet, towel, or napkin was lost; and the house was in perfect order from top to bottom. She told me another fact, which I know the wives and daughters of the farmers of the country will be glad to hear. When she went into the White House she purchased two excellent cows. From the milk of these cows she made all the butter, used all the cream and made all the ice-cream used in the President's family during the term. When she went home she shipped these cows to Tennessee. Is it any wonder, ladies, that Mrs. Patterson received the first premium on butter at their late fair last fall?

### An Interesting Incident.

An interesting incident has just occurred at Bucharest, and has created a profound sensation in theatrical circles in that place. It seems that the proprietor of the Subr Circus, anxious to provide amusement for the public, lately published an announcement that a challenge given by Jules Rigal, a wrestler attached to the circus, had been accepted by a gentleman who, wishing to preserve a strict incognito, would appear before the public in a week. The amateur athlete, who, it was stated, was a person occupying a high social position, was rumored to be no other than Prince Stourdja, a Moldavian noble who has the reputation of possessing herculean strength. On the evening when "the great unknown" made his appearance in the circus, the stalls were filled with eager spectators long before the commencement of the performance. Rigal and his masked opponent having made their bow to the audience, at once commenced the struggle, which was, however, of short duration, for the distinguished unknown in a few minutes, amidst frantic applause, floored his professional autagonist. So great was the success of the spectacle that the manager announced to the admiring audience that the nobleman wrestler had condescended to appear again before them on the following evening, when the performance was accordingly repeated, and was continued for several successive nights, until one evening, an indiscreet member of the troupe unfortunately divulged the fact that the masked wrestler was not a distinguished nobleman, but only one of the clowns attached to the circus. This led to a disturbance, the "great unknown" narrowly escaped being torn to pieces by his late admirers, the manager and his troupe had to fly for their lives, and the circus building would probably have been dismantled and destroyed but for the exertions of the police, who, with great difficulty, succeeded in repressing what promised to be a serious riot.

A compulsory education law, simipected of the President to give several lar to that which will go into operation next month in New York, is enforced in England. There is now a novel difficulty in London in the way of exacting compliwhen brought into court, as they are about once a week, and keep on breaking the